COMMISSIONERS' SALE.

COMMISSIONERS' SALE OF THE SWEENEY FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP LOTS.

In pursuance of a decree in Frick & Lindsay Company, &c., v. General Engineering Company et. al., made by the Circuit Court of Ohio County, on the 4th day of March 1895, the undersigned special commissioners will proceed to sell at public auction, at the north front door of the Court House of Ohio county, in the city of Wheeling, West Virginia, on

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1895,

beginning at 10 o'clock a. m., the following described real estate, situate in said city, county and state, that is to say: Lots one (1), two (2), three (3), four (4), five (5), nine (9), ten (10), eleven (11), twelve (12) and the north half of thirteen (13), in square numbered eleven (11), in that part of said city known as the Sixth ward; being the property formerly occupied by A. J. Sweeney & Son as their foundry and machine shop. Said lots will be offered as follows: 1, 2, 3, 9, 10, 11, will be first offered together and as one parcel; 4, 5, 12 and north ½ of 13 will be offered together and as one parcel; and then said lots will be offered separately and in smaller portions, and will be sold in whichever way will produce the greatest price.

TERMS OF SALE—One-third of the purchase money and as much more thereof as the purchaser shall elect to pay in cash, on the day of sale, and the residue in two equal installments, payable respectively in one and two years from day of sale, with interest from that day, the purchaser to give his negotiable promissory notes for the deferred installments, with security thereon satisfactory to the special commissioners, and the title to be retained until the payment in full of the purchase money, both principal and interest.

GUY R. C. ALLEN,
A. J. CLARKE,
ALFRED CALDWELL,
Special Commissioners.

I hereby certify that bond and security have been given by the said commissioners as required by law and said decree.

JOHN W. MITCHELL,
Clerk of the Circuit Court of Ohio County.
mr26-MWAF

The above sale is adjourned to Saturday, May 11, 1895, at 10 o'clock a. m.

GUY R. C. ALLEN,
A. J. CLARKE,
ALFRED CALDWELL,
Special Commissioners.
ap26-7-9-11

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a deed of Trust made by Mary M. Jones and John T. Jones, her husband, to me as trustee, dated July 15, 1891, and recorded in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of Ohio county, West Virginia, in Deed of Trust Book No. 40, page 416, I will sell at the north front door of the Court House of said county, on

SATURDAY, THE 11TH DAY OF MAY, 1895,

commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., the following described property, that is to say: Part of lot numbered Seven, in Churchill's addition to the city of Wheeling, said part being bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the northeast corner of said lot No. 7 at the intersection of Alley H and Eleventh street; thence with the south line of Eleventh street westwardly sixty-five feet more or less to the line of a frame stable; thence southwardly parallel with Alley H thirty feet; thence eastwardly parallel with Eleventh street sixty-five feet more or less to Alley H; thence northwardly with said Alley H to the place of beginning; the coal underlying said lot is excepted and not hereby conveyed.

TERMS OF SALE—One-third, and as much more as the purchaser elects to pay, in cash on the day of sale; the balance in two equal installments at six and twelve months, notes bearing interest from the day of sale to be given for the deferred payments. W. J. W. COWDEN, Trustee.

W. H. HALLER, Auctioneer. ap16-Tu

MACHINERY.

REDMAN & CO.,

GENERAL MACHINISTS

And Manufacturers of Marine and Stationary Engines.

au17 WHEELING, W. VA.

STORM DRIVEN.

By "The Duchess," Author of "Molly Bawn."

(Copyright, 1895.)

CHAPTER II.

As she turns to leave the bridge two figures on the path below attract her attention. They are the young girl with the invalid mother, and the tall, stalwart, honest-looking Englishman. At a point that commands a view of the lovely valley spreading below, they come to a standstill, and Mrs. Allingham, a little fascinated, lingers to watch them. Is this going to be a happy marriage? The man looks very much in earnest, but the girl——

At this moment the girl turns and looks eagerly backward upon the path she has just traveled. All at once her face has brightened and just as suddenly the man at her side seems to sink into insignificance. She has no longer a thought for him. Clare, with a sense of pity for her lover, knows at once that her eyes, her thoughts, all belong to the owner of the footsteps that are now distinctly to be heard coming up the path behind them.

Impelled by a sort of queer curiosity she leans forward to see what the man is like that this young creature can prefer to the handsome boy at her side. The bridge prevents her at first from seeing him, but now the footsteps are nearer—they are evidently hurried—and now—

By a supreme effort she controls the wild cry that rises to her lips. Oh, God! not here—not now. Oh, fool to have made so sure! Falling on her knees she crouches back against the railings behind her. In this position she is entirely hidden from those on the path below. For a moment a sickening faintness almost overpowers her.

Then she compels herself to listen. The voice—his voice—oh, the horror of it!—comes up clear and strong.

"So I have found you again, you see. I told you I should. You"—how bold, how certain, the voice is—"have not quite forgotten me?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Prendergast."

So. He has changed his name (a little notorious at present) lest it should frighten this pretty fly from his web. Mrs. Allingham's lips, even in her deep agitation, curl involuntarily. Then all at once she remembers something. She shrinks as if from herself, and her face grows whiter. What about his and her name?

"I am bound to go on to Darmitz this evening to meet a friend there, and to-morrow claims me, too, but after that—you will be still here?"

The woman above listening can imagine the impassioned glance that accompanies this question. She has been through it.

"Yes—yes," says the girl, in her soft, low tone.

"Ah! In the meantime"——

"Good bye."

"No, no. Au revoir!"

Then the little play is over. He has gone back to the carriage waiting for him on the lower road, from whence, no doubt, he had seen her, and the other two have turned the corner and gone on, in ominous silence. Clare gets slowly to her feet. That child and that man! What a devil he is! He has evidently kept her in ignorance of his marriage, and to let her love him, not knowing.

Again she seems to remember, and stops suddenly, as if stabbed to the heart. Oh, God! What is she doing?

Well, well, well! We must all sow, we must all reap, and if that girl chooses to fling away her life, what is it to her?

Something, however, it must be, because all the way back to the hotel, under the scented leaves, and with the growing night wind blowing upon her, the child's pure, lovely face is ever with her. So might her own once have looked, before they sold her to the highest bidder!

Her heart softens. Yes; she will speak to the girl to-night—will warn her. She will do one good deed before * * * But if the doing of it should betray her! No; no fear of that. He had said he would not be back until the day after to-morrow, and by that time she will be far away. Oh, that it were farther!

* * * * * * *

The evening has grown late, and all the lights of heaven are resplendent. Scarce a sound can be heard, save the calm rushing of the river down below and the sigh of the wind in the trees.

Above, the

"Gilded sickle of the new made moon
Leading the pale lamp of the evening star,"

is shining brilliantly.

On the terrace stands Mrs. Allingham, holding the girl's hand closely in her own.

"Give up that man, Amy. He is unworthy. Why, why do you let him make love to you? Oh, how hard it is to explain—to you—who do not know the meaning of the word! But the real thing, real love, is all purity, believe me."

"Yes?" says the girl, looking distressed, puzzled.

"There is Mr. Borthwick," goes on Clare, eagerly. "He is in love with you!"

"Oh, Mrs. Allingham, I," with frightened, pretty eyes, and a rising color like nothing on earth so much as a blush rose, "I don't think any one is in love with me."

"Mr. Borthwick is," says Mrs. Allingham, in her queer, direct way. Then, "Where did you meet this—Mr. Prendergast?"

"In Berlin—a month ago."

"And he has followed you here?"

"I—I don't know.,"

"I do. Amy," tightening her grasp on the girl's arm. "Put him out of your mind. Refuse to see him again. If you encourage him you will regret it only once, but that will be forever. Give your heart to Mr. Borthwick. He is good, true, honorable. He is a man, Amy. The other is"——

The girl leans forward breathlessly.

"Is?"

"A brute!" says Mrs. Allingham, relentlessly.

"Oh, no, no!" faintly.

"Oh, yes, yes!" vehemently. "And you, you little white flower of a child, to dream of accepting the love of a thing like that! Why he would crush the life out of you, and then—leave you."

"Oh, it is horrible! It isn't true," says the girl.

"It is true. Do you think I don't know?"

"Know! How can you know?"

"Because," Mrs. Allingham's brows contract, "I know just such a man as he is."

There is such bitterness in her tone that the girl feels awed by it, to the extent of forgetting her own troubles for the moment.

"I—I'm afraid you have not been happy," she says, timidly.

Mrs. Allingham breaks into laughter, low, but mirthless. Then she restrains herself.

"Not very. But that's neither here nor there. The question now is your happiness. You will wonder why I care about it; but I was only a child like you, when—and—well, I would not have you live the life I lived. And yours will be worse, mind you, if you listen to that man; for mine was, in the world's jargon, honorable misery, whereas yours"——

"I—I don't think you understand Mr. Prendergast," says the girl, nervously.

"Don't I?" Then, almost fiercely: "Are you mad, child? Can't you see the difference between these two men. One would raise you to his own fine level, the other would degrade you—oh!" with a touch of pain. "I can't bear to speak more plainly. Can't you take what I say, and believe in it? I tell you I speak from a most melancholy past."

Her eyes are full of tears. How can she save this silly child, without being brutally direct?

"Oh, you have suffered?" cries the girl, in a low tone. The tender mounting moon has cast its rays upon the tears that are trembling to their fall in Mrs. Allingham's beautiful eyes. Amy, with a sudden movement, goes to her, as if to cast her arms around her, but Mrs. Allingham, with a swift gesture, puts her back. Who is she that she should let innocent arms encircle her?

"We must all suffer," says she coldly. "It is to save you from unnecessary suffering that I now speak. You can heed me or not, as you like. But I felt it my duty to warn you."

"What I think," says the girl, a little thrown back upon herself by that sharp repulse, "is, that you misjudge Mr. Prendergast. To me he is kind—very kind, and," a little defiantly, "mamma thinks him charming."

"It," with a faint sneer, "shows great discrimination on your mother's parts."

"He is very kind to her, too. He quite studies her."

Mrs. Allingham makes a little impulsive gesture.

"It is a pity she does not study him," with a touch of indignation. "If your mother sometimes forgot herself and thought more of you, it would be better both for her soul and body. I tell you, Mr. Prendergast is no fit associate for you."

"Mamma does not think so," says the girl, with a little soft, offended air. "She likes him, and—so do I!"

"Yes?" Mrs. Allingham laughs derisively. The time has come for that denouement she would have avoided. "His wife doesn't," says she.

There is a long silence. Then a little gasping sigh from the girl, breaking on the evening air, brings them both back to the present. Mrs. Allingham's heart is full of remorse. Yet what else could she do. She has tried everything—and—

"I told you he was a brute," says she. She lays her hand on the girl's shoulder and shakes her gently. "There, now, you know! Give him his congé at once—and your heart, if you can, to Mr. Borthwick. He will treasure it."

As she speaks, a shadow falls across the moonlit terrace.

"There he is," whispers she, looking for you—waiting for you. Go to him."

The girl stirs uneasily. Then, seeing herself discovered, moves straight to where the tall Englishman is standing, hesitating as to whether he shall go to her or not. The last Mrs. Allingham sees of them is satisfactory. The girl's head is downcast, indeed, but she has let her hand be imprisoned by Borthwick, who looks as if he would keep it against all odds, to the end of time.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Allingham laughs to herself in a strange way. "Well, I have done something," says she; and then the thought. "I can save others, myself I cannot save," comes to her, and if she had had time she would have given way to tears. But out of the darkness now some one is coming to her!

"I saw you," says Carlton, in a low tender voice. "I waited—it was hard—but you looked so like an angel, ministering, that I subdued myself. What were you saying to that little idiot?"

"I was giving her a word of advice. I saw her to-day with—well—names are better suppressed, aren't they?—but with a man that a little girl like her should not even know. I was telling her to have nothing to do with him."

"So bad as that?"

"For one thing, he is married."

"Good heavens! married, and"——

"Yes; he has evidently pursued her here. You can see how pretty she is?"

"I can't. I can see you only."

"Well—from Berlin to here, he has followed her."

"He's no sense of decency, then?"

"He was born, no doubt, without that troublesome sense."

"And his wife?"

"She—left him some time ago."

"To-morrow, Clare!" breathes he. She shudders in his embrace. "Why, Clare! What is it? That girl has upset you! You are thinking of your past marriage. But it is past, my darling, my beloved! Nothing of it remains. You have told me something of it, and I have guessed the rest. It"—he pauses, bending over her—"it was a martyrdom."

"It was hell!" says she in a hoarse, stifled whisper. It shocks him; but quite suddenly her mood changes. She lifts herself and quickly, vehemently presses her lips to his. The caress is feverish, and yet, when he would have strained her to his heart, she puts him back from her, lightly, laughingly, with both hands, then sinking into a low chair, beckons him to her. Her every movement if full of grace, is also full of fire and a strange unrest.

"Come, let us sit here and talk—not of the past; that, as you say, is dead; may its soul rest in peace—but of the future. Ah! that is ours. Ours! What good is the past to any one? Who cares for it? It is past, and done with. And to-morrow"—— She throws back her lovely head and laughs aloud. "To-morrow you will take me away—away—away."

She pauses. A queer sob seems to choke her.

"What is it, darling?" says Carlton anxiously. Her manner seemed forced, unreal.

"Oh, nothing," impatiently. "But Constantinople is far away, isn't it?"

"From this? Well, pretty far. But," in a troubled tone: "There is something the matter with you to-night. I can see it in your eyes. Do you think you could ever deceive me?"

Deceive him? A little cold wave seems to sweep over her. She sighs in a broken-hearted way, and two sad tears run down her cheeks.

"Oh, they will never do; you are overdone," says Carlton; "your conversation with that silly girl has been too much for you. I shan't allow any interview of that kind again. You are mine now, my love—mine." There is a ring of true triumph in his voice. It restores her. Once again her spirit flashes out.

"Oh, yours!" says she, laughing tremulously, while still the tears are on her face. "One would think I was your slave."

"Well, why not?" with all a happy lover's insolence. "Who now shall deliver you out of my hands?"

"Who, indeed?" cries she, joyously.

The answer is very near to them. There is a slight stir in the room inside, and she turns. Her pretty hands are still clasped in his. Her head is in his heart. His eyes are fixed on hers—but her eyes.

One might pray to be delivered from such a light as now shines in hers. There—there where the light from the open window gleams upon the terrace they are fixed—staring—wild. He had not gone then!

A man has stumbled from the window on to the terrace, and is coming toward them. His steps is not altogether steady. He is sufficiently himself, however, to be able to take in the situation at a glance, and there is malevolence and a distinct enjoyment of it on his face as he advances.

"My dear Clare, you?" says he. I hardly expected to meet you in this remote spot. A friend of yours?" He points deliberately at Carlton. "Pray introduce me. I am always, my dear sir, delighted to meet any of Lady Strangway's friends."

Carlton arises.

"It is a lie!" says he vehemently, looking only at Clare. "Deny it." His voice is stern, commanding.

She too has risen.

"It is the truth," says she in a dying tone. "Leave me now." She looks full at him, and he can see that her eyes are brilliant with pain, her lips—her dear lips—white.

"Later on I will explain; but go now, go!"

The voice dies away.

It is midnight!

Upon the terrace Carlton paces up and down, with but one thought in his mind. To see her, to upbraid her, to leave her. For a moment he rests by the railings and even as he does so he finds her beside him. She lays her small white hands upon the railings, too, very close to his, and looks up at him with clear, open eyes. There is no shame in them—no change—nothing.

"Well?" says she slowly.

He returns her glance with a terrible anger in his.

"Is it your part to question?"

"Let me have my one question," says she quickly. "You can have all the rest."

"And your one?"

She hesitates.

"After all it can wait," says she. "Ask me anything you like now, and I will answer you." Then, inconsequently, as becomes a woman: "Does it seem too bad to you? Can you find no excuse, knowing all you do? Knowing of him?"

Timidly she lays her hand on his, but he flings it back.

"What did you mean? What did you hope for?"

"I hoped for love. A thing I had never yet known. I hoped for a happiness I had never so much as dared to dream of before. I hoped"—she flings up her head—"for life with you!"

He is silent; he is thinking of that little hand he had flung from him.

"I hoped too," says she, quite evenly, with the evenness of despair, "that once out of the beaten track of the world, the fact of my having a husband alive would never be discovered—would, at all events, never reach you. I thought—I was sure—he would never find me!"

"Oh, fool!" says he, passionately.

"I know—I know—I know." Suddenly as it came the wild burst of anguish dies away, and the dull tranquility that had characterized her before comes back. "Yet one can hope against hope, and somehow I never doubted. Fool, indeed! You have well named me."

"Don't mind what I say to-night," says he in the tone of one physically hurt. Surely their last moments need not be full of bitterness alone.

She turns to him in a troubled sort of way.

"To-night?"

"To-night," sternly, we must part forever."

"Oh, no."

"To-morrow," doggedly, anguish rings through his voice, stern though he keeps it, "to-morrow I leave this place."

"Then so do I." Her meaning is unmistakable.

"Clare!"

"Why? What is it? Do you think I shall stay here—anywhere—where you are not? I love you; you love me"——

"Do you know what you are saying?" asks he, deeply agitated. Would you willingly, with open eyes, destroy yourself?"

"I shall certainly destroy myself if I stay here—if you desert me," says she, quite calmly. "I shall live for you or die." A little flash of her eyes turns on the restless, flowing river.

Involuntarily he puts out his arms as if to hold her, but she repulses him.

"Oh, not that way," says she; "that is always vulgar; and think," with a little laugh that makes his heart grow sick and faint; "how horrid one's clothes would look afterward. I shall do it artistically, you may be sure. Well," defiantly; "are you going to leave me?"

A deep groan breaks from him, and at the sound of it all her hardness breaks up and in a second later her arms are around his neck and her cheek, warm and soft as velvet, is pressed against his.

"Ah, I knew it," cries she in little gasps between her tears and her laughter. "You will take me with you. You cannot live without me."

"God forgive me; I cannot," says he. "Oh, my darling, my life, Clare"——

He would have said more, perhaps, but that at this moment a sudden disturbance in the gardens beneath breaks in upon them.

Cries, rough voices, rise upon the air. One voice she knows.

"Stand back! go into the house!" says Carlton hurriedly.

"No!" She presses forward.

Down in the moonlight that renders the night clear as the day two men are struggling. Clare at once recognizes Borthwick as one, her husband as the other. Borthwick has a stick in his hand, and is laying it heavily on Strangway's shoulders.

"Ah, me! he has found it out; he has heard," says she. Carlton makes no reply. Great as his desire may be to see his desire upon his enemy, still the thought that Borthwick, in his youth and passion, may prove too much for the other man, creates in him a decent longing to go down and see fair play at all events.

But even as he starts to go he sees Strangway pull a revolver from his breast and fire point blank at his adversary.

Borthwick reels, then recovers himself—a flesh wound only, apparently.

"Treachery!" says Carlton between his teeth. "Brute!"

Even as the word passes his lips the "brute" totters, falls to the ground and lies there prone.

"Oh, my God!" cries Clare wildly.

He catches her as she falls forward and carries her into the drawing room. Tenderly, reverently, he lays her down on the nearest sofa, and, ringing the bell furiously, summons assistance. Then he runs down to the garden, only to meet the men who are bringing in Lord Strangway's dead body. He who had had no heart had died of it.

[THE END.]